

The most lamentable Tragedie

And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine Hectors hope,
And sweare with me as with the wofull feere,
And father of that chaste dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Inpius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute by good aduice
Mortall reuenge vpon these trayterous Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproch.

Titus. Tis sure enough, and you knew how,
But if you hunt these Beare whelpes, then beware,
The Dam will wake, and if shee winde you once,
Shee's with the Lion deeply still in league,
And luls him whilst shee plaieeth on her back.
And when he sleepest, will she doe what she list.
You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let alone,
And come I will goe get a lease of brasse,
And with a gad of Steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northen winde,
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And vvhers you lesson then, boy what say you?

Puer. I say my Lord that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.

Marcus. I thats my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull Country done the like.

Puer. And Vnckle, so will I, and if I liue.

Titus. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall my boy
Shall carrie from me to the Empreffe sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both:

Come, come, thoult doe thy message wilt thou not?

Puer. I with my dagger in theyr bosomes Grandfier.

Titus. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lavinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court,

of Titus

I marry will we fir, and weele

Mar. O heauens, can yo
And not relent, or not comp
Marcus attend him in his exta
That hath more scars of forro
Than foe-mens markes vpon
But yet so iust, that he will no
Reuenge the heauens for old

Enter Aron, Chiron, and
at another doore young
bundle of weapons, a

Chiron. *Demetrius*, here's t
He hath some message to deli

Aron. I some mad messag

Puer. My Lords, with all t
I greeete your Honours from
And pray the Romane Gods

Demet. Gramarcie louely

Puer. That you are both d
For villaines markt with rape
My Grandfier well aduise h
The goodliest weapons of his
To gratefie your honourable
The hope of Rome, for so he
And so I doe, and with his gi
Your Lordships, when euer y
You may be armed and appo
And so I leaue you both: Li

Deme. What's here? a scr
Lets' fee,

Integer vita scelerisque purus, n

Chiron. O tis a verse in Ho